

GODLESS SCHOOLS.

[From the Pacific Christian Advocate.] The relation of our public schools to the teaching of religion, considered distinctively as such, has, during the past two weeks, been quite thoroughly discussed in the Oregonian. It is now a question uppermost in the public mind, and consequently this is an opportune moment to speak of it in the columns of the Advocate. Of course we cannot discuss it at great length, but will do so dispassionately. Certainly this paper will not be suspected of a want of religious bias, for it is a "Christian" paper of set design, and of thorough convictions as such.

It has appeared to us that much has been claimed on the side of those who may be classed as opponents to our public school system and work, and conceded by their defenders, that has no foundation in the facts of the case. Their opponents assail the schools as "godless." Too often their defenders concede, in facts if not in terms, that godlessness, and apologize for it. This charge is made and this defense offered, without the writers going back to foundation facts and ascertaining if the charge has a basis in truth. Now, if by "godless" is meant that they are not sectarian—not Methodist, nor Presbyterian, nor Episcopalian, nor Romanist—we could concede the premise, if it was so stated, and proceed to vindicate them on that very ground. But if that statement means that they are "godless" in the sense of teaching atheism, or even in the sense of denying the moralities of God's word, or inculcating a blasphemous irreverence to that word or to God himself, we utterly deny the truth of the charge. They are in no such sense "godless," but along the lines of a broad and enlightened religious catholicity they teach the existence of God, the truth of morals, the sanctions of law, the reality and merit of right, and the crime and demerit of wrong. And we further say that beyond these general facts and principles, which are the actual basis of all true religion, they ought not to go. This is obvious from their very name and place in the economies of civilization. They are public schools.

What is that thing that we call "the public?" It is not Romanism, Methodism, nor any other ecclesiasticism. It is not atheism, nor deism, nor any other form of disbelief. It is the wholeness of a people from their richest wealth to their deepest poverty; from their strictest orthodoxy to their broadest liberality; constituting a body whose natural rights are equal, and not dependent on any claim of ecclesiasticism.

Schools, therefore, cannot be sectarian. If they are sectarian, they are not public; if public, not sectarian. Their domain of teaching and work is outside of such limits—for which, as a conservative fact and force, we are devoutly grateful. Attempt, therefore, to disguise it as men may, the quarrel with our public school system is simply the raving of a narrow sectarianism against the culture of a broad manhood—a manhood that is greater and nobler than sect.

But we are prepared to go further and say, that in the things actually taught in the public schools there is no amenability to this charge of "godlessness." They teach science, but science is full of God. As we understand it, God is in it and through it, above it and below it, before it and behind it. Science only discloses God's modes of working and acting. There can be no "godless" science. They teach literature and history, but God pervades all this. History is but God's stepplings down the ages and the epochs of the past. In short, there is absolutely nothing taught in our public schools that is truly open to the charge of "godlessness."

Of course we understand that this charge is based more on what is not taught than on what is. The church, it is said, is ignored, her authority set at naught, and her right to dictate subjects and modes of education trampled upon. If we could first determine what that thing is that is called "the church," and what are the rightful limits of her authority over questions of this kind, we should be under clearer skies. If it is meant that any single denomination of professed Christians, as distinguished from any other denomination, is "the church," we must say nay to that. Or if it is meant that "the church" in that sense is to become the State, and impose laws of thought and learning on other sects, and on the multitude of no sects, we give a more emphatic nay to that. We do not see how such claim can be put on any other ground, and so, without attempting to give here the arguments by which we are led to it, we enter our prompt rejection of all such claims.

There is something in the opposition our public schools are encountering that appears to us entirely un-American. The translation of the traditions, the prejudices, the indoctrinations, that have tainted the intellectual and religious life of Europe from the dark ages, into the system of American thought and life, is the basis of this controversy. The American idea is that religion is above church, above clergy, above dogma. It is that manhood is before priesthood, before ordinances, before sacraments. That all these are made for man, not man for these. The interpolated idea of which we speak is the reverse of this. There is nothing that is more distinctively the outgrowth of the American idea than our public school system. Unsectarian without being un-religious, broad without license, they are the hope of our land for its general culture, and as connected with this, for much of its moral culture also. An American, and a Christian, whose Christianity is broader than churchism, will defend their general integrity as the hope and help of our future.

"Mrs. Gill, Boot and Shoe Maker, Repairing Neatly Done." A white canvas sign, with a maroon border, reading as before, may be seen in a window at No. 278 Mulberry street, New York. Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Gill, whose bench is behind the window, thinks that she is the only woman cobbler in the city. She was born in Northampton, England, and learned her father's trade. She married a cobbler also, and thirteen years ago came to this country. Since her husband's death, she has supported her six children by her craft.

Two ten-cent drinks a day will supply a family with flour—that is, if the drinks are not taken and the money invested in flour. We throw in this economical hint as our temperance lecture.

A Hartford divorce lawyer said to his minister the other day: "You and I live in the right State for one another—what you Connecticut?"

SELECTED VERSE.

AFTER THE STORM.

How calm, how beautiful, comes on The stillly hour when storms are gone; When warring winds have died away, And clouds beneath the glancing ray Melt off and leave the land and sea Sleeping in bright tranquillity. Fresh as if the day again were born Again upon the lip of morn; When the light blossoms, rudely torn And scattered in the whirlwind's will, Hang floating in the pure air still, Filling it all with precious balm, In gratitude for this sweet calm; And every drop the thunder-showers Have left upon the grass and flowers Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning gem Whose liquid flame is born of them!

TEARS.

Tears that trickle from her eyes, They do not fall to earth and dry; They soar like angels to the skies, And, like angels, cannot die; For, oh! our immortality Flows thro' each tear—sounds in each sigh!

EXILES.

They both are exiles; he who sailed Great circles of the day and night, Until the vapory bank unveiled A land of palm trees fair to sight. They both are exiles; she who still Seems to herself to watch, ashore, The wind, too faint, his canvas fill, The sunset burning close before. He has no sight of Saxon face; He hears a language harsh and strange; She has not left her native place; Yet all has undergone a change. They both are exiles; nor have they The same stars shining in their skies; His nightfall is her dawn of day; His day springs westward from her eyes. Each says apart: "There is no land So far, so vastly desolate, But, had we sought it hand in hand, We both had blessed the driving fate!" —Edith Thomas.

ADVICE.

"I must do as you do!" Your way Is a very good way; and, still, There are sometimes two straight roads to a town, One over, one under the hill;

You are treading the safe and well-worn way That the prudent choose each time, And you think me reckless and rash to-day Because I prefer to climb.

Your path is the right one, and so is mine; We are not like peas in a pod, Compelled to lie in a certain line, Or else be scattered abroad.

'Twere a dull old world, methinks, my friend, If we all went just one way; Yet our paths will meet no doubt at the end, Though they lead apart to-day.

You like the shade and I like the sun; You like an even pace; I like to mix with the strong and run, And then rest after the race.

I like danger and storm and strife; You like a peaceful time; I like the passion and surge of life; You like its gentle rhyme.

You like buttercups, dewy sweet, And crocuses, framed in snow; I like the roses, born of the heat, And the red carnation's glow.

I must live my life, not yours; my friend, For so it was written down; We must follow our given paths to the end, But I trust we shall meet—in town. —Ella Wheeler.

PERSEVERANCE.

A swallow in the Spring Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves Essayed to make a nest, and there 'd bring Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled With patient art; but ere her work was crowned, Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled, And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought; But not cast-down, forth from the place she flew, And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought, And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed The last soft feather on its ample floor, When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept, And toiled again—and toiled night, hearing calls, I looked; and lo! three little swallows slept Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man! Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn? Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan? Have faith, and struggle on! —R. S. S. Andros.

FAME.

"Who built this lofty pile?" I asked the sullen porter at the gate. "His was a noble style And matchless art. What was his name and fate?"

Uprising stiff and slow, With rheumatic creak, and muttering low—"I never heard his name, nor cared to hear!" He answered grudgingly.

"He has been dead and dust for many a year. What is the man to me?"

In a forgotten nook, Flung out of sight to rot in damp and muck, I found a tattered book.

"Whose was the hand that penned this glorious work?" I asked my surly guide; "His deathless fame is sure his nation's pride." "How should I know?" he said, with crabb'd scorn—"Some errand fool or thief." Give me the trash—twill serve some winter morn To light my kitchen fire." —Charles L. Hildreth.

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SUMMONS. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON for the County of Multnomah, ss.—Amanda A. Lovell, Plaintiff, vs. Charles L. Lovell, Defendant.—To Charles L. Lovell, Defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above-entitled suit within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if served within Multnomah County, or if served in any other county in this State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, or if served by publication of summons, or otherwise, then by the first day of the next regular term of the above-entitled Court next following the expiration of six weeks' publication hereof, to-wit: Monday, the 30th day of September, A. D. 1881; and if you fail to answer, for the want thereof, the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: for a dissolution of the marriage contract existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that Plaintiff have the future care, custody and control of the minor children described in the complaint, and for such other and further relief as is just and equitable. The service of this summons upon you by publication is made in pursuance of an order made by the above-entitled Court hereof, to-wit: Monday, the 30th day of September, A. D. 1881, and published once a week for six consecutive weeks in the NEW NORTHWEST. C. BEAL, Attorney for Plaintiff. 372 U

SHERIFF'S SALE. BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION TO ME DIRECTED, I issued out of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Multnomah, upon a judgment rendered in said Court on the 6th day of December, 1878, in favor of J. R. Price, Plaintiff, and against A. B. Richardson, Defendant, for the sum of Four Hundred and Fifty and the further sum of Nine and 10/100 Dollars (\$49.90), with interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, and costs of suit and accruing costs, I did, on the 16th day of August, 1881, levy upon the above-named Defendant's real property, situated in Multnomah County, State of Oregon, to-wit: Lots numbered Seven (7) and Eight (8), in Block No. 274, City of Portland, Multnomah County, State of Oregon, and Lot numbered Four (4) in Block No. 18 in Portland Homestead Association, Multnomah County, State of Oregon. Now, therefore, by virtue of said execution, on Saturday, the 17th day of September, 1881, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court House door in said County, I will sell at public auction the above-described real property of said Defendant to the highest bidder for cash in U. S. gold coin, to satisfy said execution, costs and accruing costs. JOSEPH BUCHTEL, Sheriff of Multnomah County, Oregon. Dated August 18, 1881. 51

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